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| **The White Man’s Burden**  Take up the White Man’s burden  Send forth the best ye breed  Go, bind your sons to exile  To serve your captives need;  To wait, in heavy harness,  On fluttered folk and wild  Your new-caught sullen peoples  Half devil and half child…  Take up the White Man’s burden  The savage wars of peace  Fill full the mouth of Famine,  And bid the sickness cease;  And when your goal is nearest  (The end for others sought)  Watch sloth and Heathen folly  Bring all your hope to nought.  --Rudyard Kipling, 1899 | **The Black Man’s Burden**  Pile on the Black Man’s Burder.  ‘Tis nearest at your door;  Why heed long bleeding Cuba,  Or dark Hawaii’s shore?  Hail ye your fearless armies,  Which menace feeble folks  Who fight with clubs and arrows  And brook your rifle’s smoke.  Pile on te Black Man’s Burden  His wail with laughter drown  You’ve sealed the Red Man’s problem,  And will take up the Brown,  In vain ye seek to end it,  With bullets, blood or death  Better by far defend it  With honors holy breath.  --H.T. Johnson, 1899 |